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From the Tides.

THERE WAS SILENCE IN HEAVEN.

One angel spoke cool repose
In the full sunlight of the day
And on the red of slumber close
A cherub's bright and blinding eye
Have scribbled a heavy brow,
A fainting heart, and aching breast
No, for too high their pulses flow,
To languish with languid rest.
How could they sleep, when the bliss
The banquet of delight above?
To hear for one short hour to mind,
The voice of the Lord they love!
Oh! not the death-like calm of sleep
Could fill the yearning soul;
No fiery dream, or slumber deep
Entrance the soul and holy thought.
Yet not the lightest tone was heard
From angel voice or angel hand
And not the plumed pinion stirred
Among the host of blest band.
For there was silence in the sky,
A joy not angel tongue could tell
As from its throne on high
The peace of God in stillness fell.
Oh! what is silence here below?
The quiet of concealed despair!
The pulse of pain, the dream of woe,
It is the rest of rupture there.
And to the way-worn pilgrim here,
More kindred seems that perfect peace,
Than the full shout of joy to hear
Roll on, and never, never cease.
From earthly agonies set free,
Tired with the path too slowly trod,
May such a silence welcome me,
Into the palace of my God.

From Little's Memoir.

THE BRIEF CAREER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PENINSULA."

"Oh! for a world

Where violence never lifts the sword."

There is an apartment in the palace at

Hampden Court called the queen's drawing room.

It is adorned by three pictures. One of these is

a large painting in water-colours, occupying the

middle of the chamber. It may be said, indeed, to

contain many pictures, in a series of compart-

ments; but, as one great whole, it represents the

triumph of Julius Caesar—and is well known as

the capital work, or masterpiece, of Andrea

Mantegna, nearly four years ago.

The two other pictures are by Sebastian Ricci.

They are small, and hang one over either

door of the apartment, having a good light

shewn on them from the adjacent windows.

These represent, one, "the Woman of Faith,"

so called, I judge, because the female, kneeling

at the feet of Jesus, is portrayed as bending to

him the hem of his garment. But for the intro-

duction of this incident, I should rather have

regarded the subject, as the Canaanitish woman,

just at the close of her hard trial, when the full

revelation of the great and merciful design here

is vouchsafed. The other is, "the woman of Sa-

maritan," and the painter has made her so lean

upon the wall, or rather, and so look, and has

shed so kind a calm, so sweet a repose over the

form of the Saviour that your softened affec-

tions, and gladdened heart, realize all the out-

ward aspect of that hallowed and memorable

scene. "The Woman of Faith," however, is

of the two productions, the fullest and the finest

—the warmest and kindest talker to your gaze.

In the grouping, the attitudes, the very fold and

fall of the draperies, it looks, it breathes, it

speaks compassion—divine compassion.

Surely it was not chance, surely it was not

mere natural taste, that suggested the placing of

these hallowed contemplations, in such happy jux-

ta-position, with all the pomp and pride, and

barbaric splendour of a Roman triumph. Never

was the peaceful victory of Divine love so deli-

cately contrasted with the blood-won con-

quests of man's ambitious rage by a picture

happier before. It reads a fine lesson to the

thoughtful; and indeed, invites all to think.

The painting of the triumph is vast, and fills the

room, even as the figure of an earthly victory fills

the world, while the small picture of Ricci, that

scene, covers the panels over the doors in the

corner of the chamber, do sweetly typify the

still voice of peace and of peace, achieving its

quiet conquests over sin and fear, in the over-

looked and forgotten places of this noisy earth

—this noisy earth! What a harsh and terrible

tumult they make!—those helmets and shields

—those bucklers and quivers, rattling upon the

chariots and upon the piled ranks, in Mantegna's

painting!—and the trumpets! how fierce, how

crust, how haughty they sound! You cannot

hear the captive's wail; you catch no moan, no sigh—

"The music of Victory is all too loud."

However, it was not to write a description of

Hampden Court Palace, that I took up my pen;

for if so, I should be long, methinks, before I

had done with my subject; the Caricatures alone

would furnish matter for pages of fond conceit.

My object was simply to relate a story, which

I gathered on this spot, from the lips of a war-

rior melancholy old officer.

Whilst I was standing in the drawing-room al-

ready mentioned, there came in a grave and

aged gentleman who looked like a veteran of

some note and rank. He seemed checked at the

sight of a visitor, and a little disconcerted, that

he should not enjoy his mental repose in quiet.

I observed this; and entering, entirely into his

feelings (for I love to visit pictures alone), passed

into the next apartment, to the great satisfaction

of my guide, whose patience was well nigh ex-

hausted. I suppose it was as a sort of ac-

knowledge for this my courtesy, that, as I

was afterwards resting myself upon a shady

seat in the garden, the old gentleman touched

his hat to me, and took a place on the same

bench, though at the further end of it, and with

averted head. Each occupied with his own re-

flexions, we sat thus in social silence for many

minutes; at last, I ventured to ask him what he

thought of the two pictures of Ricci, in the

apartment where I left and met him, and whether

the singular impression made on my mind had

been, in any degree, produced upon his own. I

had unconsciously struck the very chord, to

which his heart sadly and at once responded.

"Ah, sir," said he, "I read, I felt, I thanked

God for the lesson, which, though it was bitter

in the learning, has taught me how to value

such little helps in my daily path, as his pro-

vidence may place before me, and his grace en-

able me to improve. Sir, I gained a little step

heavenward in that same chamber. I have lived

much in camps—have shared in many victories

—have drunk full cups to the salutes of artillery

and the trumpet—have danced in ball rooms

decorated with laurel!—Fame was my chosen mis-

stress, and she has paid me, after her fashion,

well—with renown and rank; with decorations,

and—with scars—she has dressed me up in ho-

ners, as though to mock me—for

"There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this

To satisfy the heart, the gaping heart."

Sir, I stand alone, in a world to me empty. A

few years ago, indeed, I had something to care

for—something to care for me. A noble youth,

a gallant youth, whom I adopted as a son; but"

—here he paused, his voice not failing him,

but he dared not trust it.

"God took him away, sir, I suppose."

"Yes, sir," he rejoined, with recovered com-

posure, and with a firm tone and strong empha-

sis; "God took him away young, quite young;

but I doubt not, as the book of Wisdom has it,

lest that wickedness should alter his under-

standing and deceit beguile his soul."

"Might I ask you more of this little history?"

"Yes, sir. It is short and painful, but you

shall have it all—for it is soon told—

"I am an old officer—for forty years man and

boy, I have been a soldier—I have no living re-

lation—I have survived all my more intimate

friends and associates. On my return from a

command in the West Indies, many years ago,

finding myself for the first time out of employ, I

went down for a winter to reside at Bath, where

I was told I should find many old officers, and a

society well suited to a military man. How-

ever, whilst and long stories never agreed with

me. I found myself revoking every night; and

the cells of my memory were getting clogged

with twice told tales; I therefore determined to

take flight into the country. I looked all about

that pleasant neighborhood, and engaged a

cheerful house in a beautifully situated village

called Freshford, about five miles from this city.

I turned gardener, fisherman, and sportsman; in

a "whill way," I read too, for the first time

almost in my life—read old books, drank old

wine: made a few country acquaintances, and

formed a happy intimacy with the parson of the

parish; a thoroughly good man he was—a hus-

band—a father—such a heart—such a heart—

with a good, steady voice, but a fearful eye;

tearful when he was happy—a true Christian—

a living epistle—cheerful as childhood, and

mourning as pity; when aught claimed his pity.

He had a large family—girls and boys—all ages

—all sizes—all clever—all kind—all talking—

all singing (and well they sung, from the father

downwards) all healthy, laughing, happy and

rich—in hope. Well, here I used to go in and

when I liked and as I liked, always something

to cheer me. The eldest boy, Harry Arden, was

a youth about nineteen, and soon became my

true and close ally. He was all animation and

life, and cheerfulness. I learned more from him

than ever I learned before; for his very ques-

tions taught me to think, more seriously, than I

had ever done, before I answered him. In him,

in the very contemplation of him, I seemed to

live over again my early youth; or rather, indeed,

to live for the first time what I had missed of

life. Moreover, I was unconsciously flattered by

the boy. He so evidently respected the pro-

fession in which I had spent all my days; and so

looked up to me for my services. He rode with

me; he walked with me; he gardened with me;

he fished with me, and had always the fullest

basket; he shot with me, and had always the

heaviest bag. Early and late he was with me.

My servants always gave him smiles of

daily welcome; my dogs, the quick and happy

barkings of gladness; my old negro servant,

Francis, used to say to me, "Mass, never so

happy before; I hope will last." I knew the

man's ways. (He had been converted under the

mission of the Moravians, in Jamaica; and

though I valued old Francis highly, yet I then

thought him a Methodist—poor Francis, he tried

to convert his master; and, he too, is taken

away.) I knew the man's ways, and never

headed his peculiar expression at the time; now

I think of it often—soon indeed was I made to

remember it.

"Harry often pressed me to obtain the con-

sent of his father that he might enter the army,

and to use my interest to procure a commission.

It is not likely, however, that his father would

have consented, having other views for the boy,

had it not been for one of those accidents which

do sometimes decide our fate. I was sitting, one

summer evening, on the lawn, before the per-

sonage, surrounded by its happy inmates, and

listening to a cheerful tale, when old Francis

came to the gate, conducting a post express, on

a tired horse, and put a large official despatch

into my hand. It contained a brief note, from

the commander of our forces in Spain, saying

that he wanted me to take charge of a division

of his army, and had written home to apply for

me. Under the same envelope was my appoint-

ment, with his horn and whip and red jacket,

and every now and then, wandered back to me,

with a new wonder, as if it were a day and an

incident never to be forgotten. The father was

silent and fearful—Harry seized the opportunity,

and pressed his wishes with an eagerness still

a feeling delightful to witness; and that born down

all opposition. I promised to obtain him a com-

mission and to take him with me. His father

gave assent, smiling through his tears; and ob-

served, that with me for his boy's guide, and pro-

tection, the greater part of his objections to a

profession so perilous seemed to vanish—that

with me, Harry would be safe. As he uttered

the word safe, something knocked at my heart's

door with the promise of mishap. I arose, and

took a hurried and affectionate farewell of the

whole circle. It was arranged that Harry should

follow me in a few days to town, and thence

proceed with me to the Peninsula. I left the

village on the morrow.

"It was on the tenth day from that of my de-

parture, that the boat containing his fond and

anxious father, pushed off from the side of the

frigate, in which Harry and myself were em-

barked. With straining eyes they watched

each other, father and son, as our sails slowly

filled with a very light wind; but it freshened,

we bore away; the little boat every moment

lessened to the eye—became a mere speck—was

lost upon the horizon. We passed round the

back of the Isle of White, and sailed close under

its beautiful cliffs; so close, I remember, as to

distinguish a party of pleasure scrambling among

the rocks, and to hear the laughter of the young.

The sound fell heavily on my heart—I would

not have taken away another youth like Harry,

from the midst of it for a king's crown—Oh,

could ye taste the mirth ye mar, ye conquerors!

"Dear Harry was a noble youth—of high

promise—full of courage and elate with hope.

The first evening of that sweet adieu which

belongs to leaving home and country, past, his

eye was fixed brightly, steadily on the future.

He never more looked back—honour lay before

him; shining, as a rock in the ocean smiles and

glitters in the sun-light. A laurel and a medal

and return!—These were his day-dreams: a

soldier's return, with some scar, that was to

spoil no feature (for the boy was very hand-

some)—or even at times, for he would number

his castles in the air aloud to me, he went so

far as to think that the loss of his left arm would

be a glory, and the loss of his right hand a

disgrace. Well, sir, we landed, and lost no time in

proceeding up the country, that we might join

